

E 458

.1

.F95

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

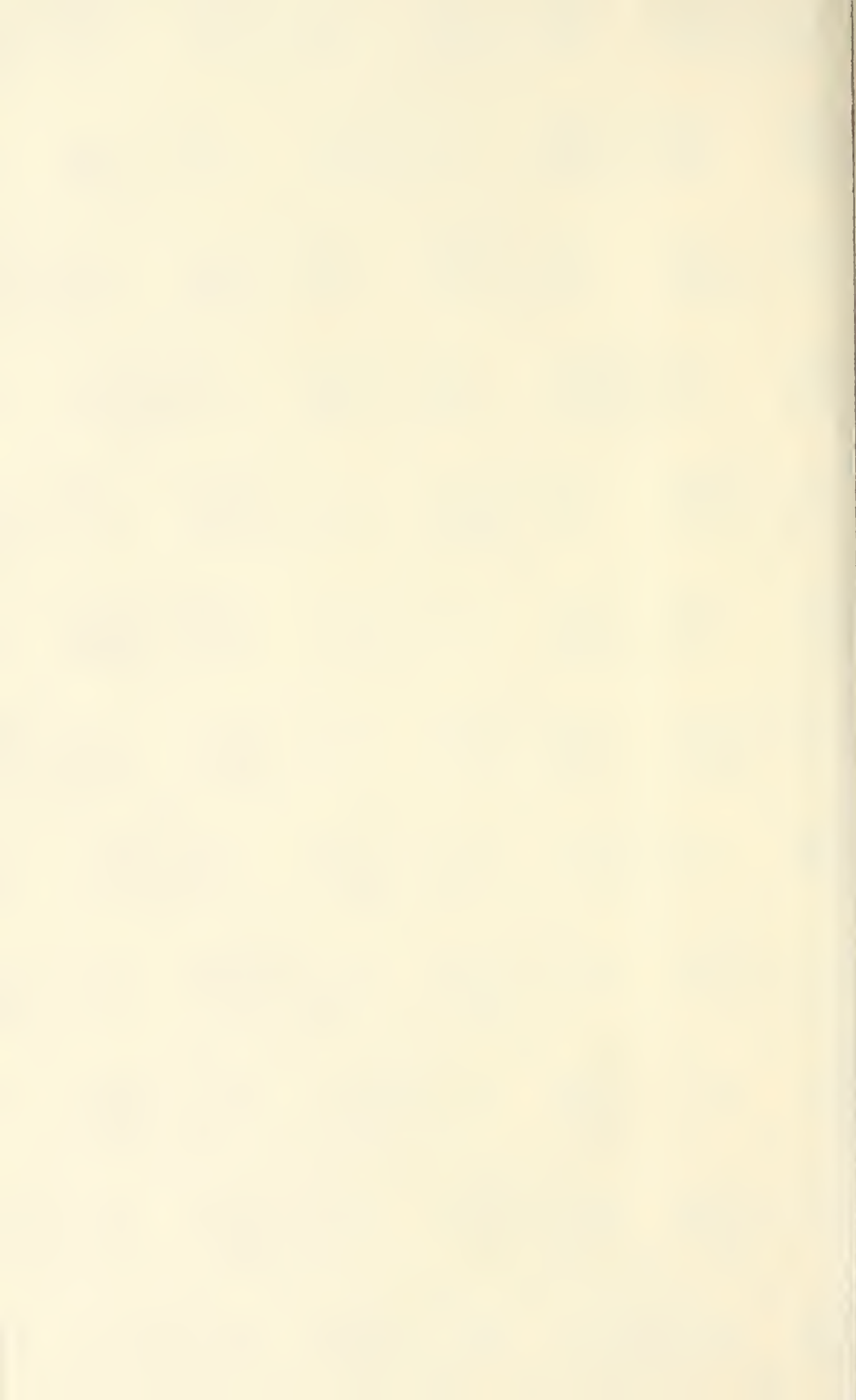


00006140944









Journal Minister of
December 15 1861

A

PLEA FOR PEACE:

A Sermon,

PREACHED IN THE

CHURCH OF THE HOLY INNOCENTS, BALTIMORE,

September 26, 1861,

The day of National Fasting, Humiliation and Prayer,

BY JAMES PRESTON FUGITT,

RECTOR.

PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.

BALTIMORE:

PRINTED BY JOHN D. TOY.

1861.



✓
A
PLEA FOR PEACE:

A Sermon,

PREACHED IN THE
CHURCH OF THE HOLY INNOCENTS, BALTIMORE,

September 26, 1861,

The day of National Fasting, Humiliation and Prayer,

BY JAMES PRESTON FUGITT,
RECTOR.

PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.

BALTIMORE:

PRINTED BY JOHN D. TOY.

1861.

E 458

.1
F95

S E R M O N.

St. Matt. v. 9.—“BLESSED ARE THE PEACEMAKERS: FOR THEY SHALL BE CALLED THE CHILDREN OF GOD.”

“BLESSED are the *peacemakers*: for they shall be called the *children* of God!” Let it be ours, my dear congregation, to merit the *title* and receive the *blessing*. More particularly should I, a minister of the peaceful Jesus, with the solemn vows of ordination resting on me to set forth “quietness, *peace*, and love,” among mankind, exert all my powers in the ways of *peace*. And, as we have the past hour engaged in the worship of Him whom the gentle St. John wrote of thus, “God is love,” praying those “special” prayers composed for this sacred occasion, I trust *you* are prepared to listen to the words of your pastor, who *labors* for *peace*. If my remarks shall refer to topics of a political nature rather than to those duties which are usually the theme of a religious discourse, be pleased to remember we are called together by the exigency of the *country*, and that consequently a reference to matters of State is natural, if not opportune. And here let it be said, as in things spiritual we are taught to say “OUR FATHER”—thus giving us to understand that man possesses a common parentage and universal brotherhood—so, with respect to the teachings of patriotism, let it be known, *accustomed in boyhood to hail the flag of my country with the rising, and to bless it with the setting sun, this heart, ignoring all geographical lines, by which the States are divided, embraces every American as a brother!* Hence, I am here, in the presence of omniscience, to plead for my bleeding country, whose soil and name I love high above all things else

earthly. O patriotism, thou inspirer of my heart! To thee, poets dedicate their song; on thee, historians delight to dwell; through thee, men are heroes, and filled with thy godlike inspiration, *timid woman* braves death! O, come to our rescue, that those liberties which are an *entailed inheritance* derived to us from our forefathers, may be transmitted to our posterity.

In appealing to the patriotism of my countrymen in behalf of peace, I am aware of a serious and almost insurmountable obstacle in the way of success, namely, *demagogism*, which is ever current coin with the multitude. The patriot is devoted to country, the demagogue loves self, and, like the Scythian Abaris, rides upon a poisoned arrow. To the latter (he is seen everywhere) I attribute our present unhappy state; and *he* must answer for the blood this war sheds, as truly as the assassin for the death of his victim. He is in the same degree morally accountable to his country, to his conscience, and to his God. I affirm this, because, an unnecessary war is murder; the present war is unnecessary; *demagogues are responsible for it, they having forced it on us*. And, undoubtedly, many of the chief actors in the drama, shall stand before the tribunal of eternal justice condemned as murderers. Yes, though they, personally, take not a life during the contest now pending—*qui facit per alium, facit per se*. Well might they exclaim,

“Will all great Neptune’s ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand?”

Demagogue! he wars

“With the lance
That Judas fought with!”

Demagogue! “sensible that truth would undo him, he rests his hope on falsehood.” Demagogue! Adopting the maxim used in Spartan politics, that the end justifies the means, when it suits his purposes he is the common deserter of all parties and the betrayer of his country. Demagogue! Predestinated traitor, thy heart is harder than adamant, and blacker than hell! The vocabulary of languages does not furnish an epithet to characterize demagogism. *The demagogue is the second self of the devil*. Would that my country were exorcised.

It is recorded in Grecian history, that the politicians aimed not at public good, but private preferment. And we read these words of Demosthenes—"You see to what wretched plight we are reduced by some men haranguing for popularity."—"And in proportion as the State has declined, their fortunes have been exalted."

That history has its counterpart in *our* experience, in this day of pseudo-patriots, and petrified patriotism, and civil war, which is yelling like an infuriated devil let loose from the infernal regions. Do we not find the public treasury is a sort of *Theoric fund*, in which every member of the commonwealth has a right to share, when the occasion offers? Have we not felt that knavery, getting from the people power, is an engine against the State? Have we not seen venal wretches plunder ruins which themselves have made? Do we not see *patriots ostracised, and truth contraband*? Have we not the *form of right* to excite wrong? Is there not at this moment, a thick darkness between us and peace? Why? Because the unruffled waters of peace would leave many floating and neglected on the surface. The tempest of war lifts them from their place. Pope, you remember, once said, "what must be the priest, where the monkey is a God?" May we not ask, what must be the people, whose leaders are venal? Would to heaven we could *weed* the country of demagogues, who merit more than the punishment of a Tantalus.

Another obstacle in the way of a peaceful solution of our difficulties, is that "superlative busy-body," the factious fanatic and foolish dreamer who travels round and rhapsodizes, playing all the while into the hand of the demagogue. The transcendent mountebank of a quack gospel! A *re-former* of the teachings of Jesus Christ, and affirming that to be sin which He said was not sin. For what is sin? It is the *transgression* of the law; and where there is no *law*, there is no *sin*. This shrieker, carrying more sail than ballast, having the madness of poetry, without the inspiration, reminds me of what Macauley says of the noted George Fox: "with an intellect in the most unhappy of all states, that is to say, too much disordered for liberty, and not sufficiently

disordered for bedlam." To this mad-headed preacher of "the delusive plausibilities of moral politicians," I might say, "it is not that you do wrong by design, but that you should never do right by mistake." Your guilt is great. Treason you have committed against humanity, and civilization and religion. Through you the people have been *tricked* into open hostilities to the "supreme law of the land." Through you we have been cursed these many years with a "sort of unsettled strife and confusion"—a constant agitation—a restless enmity. I would not hurl you headlong from the Tarpeian rock, but for the cure of your madness, would have you go to Antieyra for hellebore.

Oh, unhappy land, that has fanatics for preachers, and demagogues for lawgivers! The roots of the tree which they water, reach down to hell. A sort of *pendulum* politicians, they are the deserters of every party, as well as the *caput mortuum* of all. Let them be *cauterized* that the body politic may resume a healthy tone. Until that is done, an effort to accomplish any thing for the good of the country were vain as an attempt to still a commotion in the ocean by breathing on its surface. Had they received at the outset the scorn of the good, like the scorpion confined within a circle of fire, they would have stung themselves to death. But, unfortunately, the union of the two in the North, produced a rage of defamation and audacity of falsehood. Truth was outraged; lying became a sort of natural art. Reprove not the *severity*, but the *lenity* of my language. Did they not delight in murdering reputations, and mangling their carcasses with a hatchet? These flagellants were whipping their own enormities on the vicarious back of the slaveholder. The climax of cruelties, and the perdition of injustice. They doubtless hoped to place the South on some huge anvil, and with the ponderous blows of the Northern sledge-hammer, beat her into shape as a tool to suit the purposes of her enemies. Their crime has no parallel or prototype, from the day of Adam's disobedience to the present hour. Having been intoxicated and thrown into delirium by the vapor from the well of Cassotis, they claimed a miraculous power of prophetic vision and speech. Prob-

bly, in their nefarious scheme, they anticipated help from servile hands, remembering, as they did, the Laconian Helots, in a state of vassalage to Sparta, were ripe for insurrection at any favorable opportunity; and that the march of Epaminondas into Laconia, was the signal for a universal rising of that people, when Sparta was humbled. They forgot history furnishes few instances of the acceptance of a general wild offer of liberty. "It is sometimes," says Burke, "as hard to persuade slaves to be free, as it is to compel freemen to be slaves." However, what cared they, if in the contest of the arms against the legs, the *backbone is broken*? Do they suppose the loyal men of the country approve their course? They must be possessed of more than Bœotian stupidity.

Be it remembered, the *great mass* of Northern citizens did not entertain the views and purposes of the parties to whom I refer. No. "Because half a dozen grasshoppers under a fern, make the field ring with their importunate chink, while thousands of great cattle repose beneath the shadow of the British oak, chew their cud and are silent, pray do not imagine that those who make the noise are the only inhabitants of the field; that, of course, they are many in number; or that, after all, they are other than the little, shriveled, meager, hopping, though loud and troublesome insects of the hour." But, I do affirm, that the criminal *inactivity* of the *great mass* produced the *rust* which destroys the metal. *These should have come forward the last winter, and by manly compromise and concession, construct a platform on which loyal Southerners could stand and breast the storm which was sweeping over them. Alas, they failed in the hour of duty. Great is their responsibility!*

With respect to the part played in the drama by our fellow citizens of the South, the following words are appropriate—"In most quarrels there is a fault on both sides. A quarrel may be compared to a spark, which cannot be produced without a flint as well as a steel." Doubtless, the South has her share of demagogues,—reptiles! for they are, I repeat, everywhere. And the truth constrains me to say, that many of her leaders are very unlike the celebrated

John Locke, as described by an eminent biographer: "His intellect and his temper preserved him from the violence of a partisan." The crimination of certain parties in the North and the recrimination of certain others in the South, remind of that fact in the natural world, viz: the fire increases the wind, and the wind increases the fire. Indeed, the course mutually pursued, calls to memory the reciprocal *hate* of the Athenians and the Thebans. When peacemakers did interpose for the safety of beloved America, many of the compromises offered by the respective parties, were very like the diet ordered by physicians for the sick, which neither imparts strength, nor suffers the patient to die. Nay, more; the South asked for bread, and received a stone! The North requested a fish, and was offered a serpent! The one was upbraided for its "liberty laws," the other was twitted for its African slave-trade. Thus, both parties proved it is absurd for any one to cry out for constitutional rights, without obeying the constitution himself. The one made "non-extension of slavery," a pretext for *agitation*; the other made agitation a pretext for "slavery extension." The one, to its shame be it said, called slave-holders man-stealers and murderers; the other, stung by the infamous epithets, was not slow in making a *happy* retort. Thus the two, hardly serious in the beginning, became enthusiasts, if not worse, and paved the way for civil war, which was to be pregnant with disastrous consequences to all. They dreamed not that they who would force asunder the ligaments that bind the Union, might meet a fate similar to that of Milo, who was wedged to death in an attempt to split an oak. They seemed unconscious of the fact that their "*bark was a coffin; the destination, darkness; and the helmsman, death.*" Each party, in behalf of its cause, ever ready to cry "*havoc*, and let slip the dogs of war." And in this they seem to have mutually anticipated success without a struggle, just as Archidamus, son of Agesilaus, acquired honor by the *tearless victory*, in which he defeated the Arcadians and Argives without losing a single Spartan life. Vain thought!

When I call to mind the course pursued by the extreme parties, North and South, the conviction is forced upon me

that the present civil war is a *meteor formed by the vapors of putrefying selfishness, and kindled into flame by the effervescence of ambition struggling with conviction*. And now, each party would apply to the other, language similar to those words of Justin, wherein he attributes the destruction of Greek liberty to the ambition of the Thebans, and the impolitic measures which they took to secure their own predominance. Be that as it may, their *united act* in the bringing of civil war on the country has walled out happiness, and walled in misery.

With respect to the course more particularly pursued by one of the parties which seemed to be afflicted with a *chronic mania* on the subject of slavery, I would say, having been furnished by their counterparts in the North with a pretext for some extravagant act, they *first* excite and alarm those about them, and *then*, (although the National Government had done them no wrong) they determined the disruption of the country and a new confederacy. Thus reminding us of the voice which was heard in the ante-chamber, saying, "*you have broken the egg, you had better make the omelet.*"

To effect their purpose in 1832, they cried out "*nullification*," which was only a pilot balloon sent up to show how the political wind blew. And being defeated in the national election of 1860, they rebel against the decision of the ballot box, and set up a government independent of the Federal power, thus transferring the right of administration from those whom the people have chosen, to those whom the people have rejected! This was an act which indicated that the parties thereto were of opinion that the *vox populi* was *not* the *vox Dei*.

Here let me say, nature forbids (*opposuit natura*) that I should exaggerate to their prejudice the steps which have been taken by the loved ones of my youth and the generous friends of my manhood in these troublous times. Would to God all those steps were of a nature which my judgment and my conscience could approve of.

A Southerner by birth and life long residence, as I am, born on the banks of the Potomac, of parents whose ancestors for many generations lived and died in the sunny land, with

my *every relation* and *personal friend* residents of the South, be it mine to say, I love the Southern people! With them are the monuments of my fathers, and the graves of my children, and the mortal remains of her at whose shrine I bowed almost an idolater! With loved ones "not lost, but gone before," I shall lay me down to "sleep the sleep of death" in yonder silent grove!

But, to return to my subject. We are involved in all the horrors of a war, civil war, whose flames were kindled by the persistent effort of a few in the North and a not greater number of the South. When I think of the present wretched state of the country, and contrast it with its happy condition a year back, I am reminded of the sudden sinking of a noble bark in the mid ocean, during a profound calm; the ship of state seems to have been a rich Argosy, fitted out and freighted only for shipwreck and destruction. And now that we are in the midst of civil strife, I almost fear we shall witness the scenes of the Carnatic during the eruption of Hyder Ali, or those of the fusilades in the city of Lyons, or the atrocities of the Province of La Vendee.

Civil war is on us! O my God! Americans are murdering one another, and the followers of the Saviour, under opposing standards, imbue their hands in each other's blood. We read of the horrors of a battle field, and of those great numbers that perish in the camp by sickness, almost without a sigh. The making of widows and orphans disturbs us not. We thirst for each other's humiliation and ruin. We delight to hear that desolation stalks as a hideous monster in the midst of those we now designate the "enemy," though we once called them friends and loved them with a brother's love. Blood cries for blood. Our native land is fast dying, and her children are in an agony. Oh, heavens, my bleeding country save!

Thus civil war arouses and nourishes malignant passions, till a flash of fury that gleams like fire from the infernal pit consumes its victims. Even now the *hoard* and *arrear* of collected hate, which has been chained more than forty years, is abroad over the land as a destroying angel. Even

now the malignity of man almost equals that described by Dante:

"The gnawing of a skull by a mortal enemy
With teeth strong grinding to the bone, like dogs!"

We have turned into beasts of prey. We are enveloped in a black cloud which rains death, in the midst of which stands the devil with his hand on the heart of the country. Through him *we are on the rack—humanity is emptied—religion is embowelled.*

One of the most serious consequences of our present troubles, (as if civil war were the elaboration of all that is deleterious and ill,) is the

"Stuffing the ears of men with false reports."

These multiply with more than the fecundity of the rattlesnake. At first, leading us into a labyrinth of difficulties, which bewildered us more and more as we endeavored to extricate ourselves therefrom, they would now lead us over the bridge of sin and death, from earth to hell. The world having read heretofore of "*Punic Faith*," I fear it shall hereafter hear of AMERICAN TRUTH. I would here say, if we throw aside, or mutilate, truth, we shall have no compass to govern us; nor can we know to what port we steer. For my part, let me worship truth, or give me death.

Then, there are those who walk, like Jack the Giant Killer, in a coat of darkness, or are wrapped, like Æneas at the Court of Dido, in the cloud around them.

The truth is, the country is encamped on a mine. We are so filled with a martial spirit, that, like the man who was said of old to eat *shields* and *steel*, we drink *gunpowder* and eat *cannon balls*. If this state of things continues, we shall winter in the midst of more than Thracian horrors.

There are those who would save the country by "*platoon swearing*, and *volleys of oaths*;" others, whose hope of salvation depends on an *avalanche of artillery*, and a *whirlwind of cavalry*. For my part, I pray Almighty God to restore peace to our unhappy country in *His own way*. I pray Him that peace may *speedily* come, for once thoroughly kindle a military spirit, and how dangerous to disband a numerous and

veteran soldiery. They will overturn the constitution unless they be sent forth against other nations. The Parliamentary army of England *refused* to be disbanded. It first dictated to the government, then became the government, and the people returned to the rule of the Stuarts for relief from a military despotism of eighteen years. By the help of the army, as by a lever, the Archimedes of despotism may be enabled to overturn the Temple of Freedom, and erect in its stead a palace to Cæsar. The *first* stone of the palatial foundation is laid, a prolonged continuation of the war will rear the superstructure. Then, too, with diminished resources, we shall have crushing taxes and chronic taxation. Having enjoyed the pleasures of getting drunk, we must now endure the pains of getting sober. More than that, as “the excesses of our youth are drafts on our old age, payable with interest, about thirty years after date,” so the expenses of war are taxes on our children, payable with accumulated interest, generations hence.

In addition to all the evils before named, trade, industrial pursuits, internal improvements, education, arts, science, as well as philanthropy and religion, languish, if indeed they be not paralyzed, during the continuance of hostilities.

Thus, it is perceived, that the *relics* of an extended civil war are a *magazine* of *hate*, a *reservoir* of *poverty*, and a *fortress* of *despotism*. And with these we shall have but the *wreck* of the *country*—the *remnant* of the *flag*—and not a *shred* of the *Constitution!* from the zenith of power to the nadir of weakness. Thus I am reminded of these words of Junius—“In the shipwreck of the State, trifles float and are preserved, while every thing solid and valuable sinks to the bottom and is lost forever.”

This anticipated change in the circumstances of my native land, brings to recollection Lucan’s *Pharsalia*, which, referring to Pompey, when he entered into the war with Cæsar, as having his reputation chiefly in the *past*, says,—“*Stat magni nominis umbra*”—He stands the *shadow* of a mighty name. To persist in civil war then, is an act of the most transcendent folly of which there is any record or tradition. It is only accounted for in the adage—“*Quem Deus vult perdere prius dementat.*”

It is a time for a *man* to act in. Be it my part then, to *pray* and to *labor* for the *removal* of *demoniacal strife* and the *restoration* of *fraternal peace*. And remembering that Demosthenes fortified Athens, not with stones or with bricks, but the bulwarks with which he protected Attica, were the hearts of the Greeks, I, in my humble sphere, would appeal to America in behalf of those master principles of security, a common sympathy and a common safety—"ties, which though light as air, are strong as links of iron." Would you have peace? Can you coerce the sun to shine at night? I am aware of the difficulties in the way of the salvation of our hopes. For, as the voice of distress is not heard amid the roar of the breakers, so when a great country is boiling over with hell-broth, and is being wrecked in a hurricane of hate, to cry peace, is akin to pleading with an earthquake for mercy.

Yes, I am painfully impressed with the obstacles in our path; for strange, the voice of peace in this day of strife is as the discordant sound of a broken instrument. Alas! I feel the almost hopelessness of the hour. Nevertheless, fearfully anxious to escape the fiercest buffetings of the awful storm, we MUST make every effort to reach the tranquility of the harbor. Oh, my God! help, or we perish! With tearful eyes I pray. On the raging ocean, tossed by angry billows, buffeted by howling winds, covered with darkness, and death perhaps at hand, helpless and agonized to Thee, O Saviour! I come for hope. Oh, speak Thou—"PEACE, BE STILL."

Yes, I know what discouragements beset us—the cry of "*peace*" is thought by many to be an attempt of the insidious Disunionist to soften the teeth of the lion with milk. The cry of "*peace*," it is contended, is to further the aims of the rebellion, or it is a cry without an object. The cry of "*peace*," it is said, is uttered by the avowed secessionist, and echoed by the concealed separatist, the latter being the vassal of the former. On the other hand, in another section, the cry of "*peace*" is heard by some as they would read the fable of *Æsop*, where the wolf required the sheep to give up their dogs. More than all, "*peace men*," North and South,

are looked on as sort of Titans, who, when preparing to tear the infernal Bacchus to pieces, plastered their own faces with clay to escape detection. And as Jupiter, destroyed the Titans with his thunder, so peace men should receive the just reward of their temerity through the whispers of the spy. Now, if we are to suspect and to deride one another, the effort at peace will be unheeded as the cry of fire in the midst of the general deluge. As the things that pertain to government and legislation are matters of reason and judgment, and not of passion, so the waters of suspicion and hate must subside before the shore of peace appears. Would that in beating down the barriers of prejudice and fanaticism, our every word was a falling rock, our every whisper a sledge-hammer. Would that the ability were given us to thaw Northern obstinacy and to cool Southern blood. Until this shall be done, all efforts to extinguish the flames of civil war were vain as "pelting a volcano with pebble-stones;" and the cry of peace to the American people was like the singing of a lulla-by to an enraged tiger.

In all the earnestness of my nature, I appeal to the American people in behalf of peace. Do that which is RIGHT in the sight of God. Justice having renounced her scales, and applied both her hands to the sword, instead of the MAJESTY of JUSTICE we have the TERROR of WRONG. What is justice? Public *magnanimity* is justice. The feather that adorns the symbol of our nationality sustains his soaring above the clouds. Rob the eagle of his plumage, and you fasten him to the earth. Magnanimity is not exacting. Magnanimity accedes to just demands.

I, a young man, for young men, "attest the retiring, I attest the advancing generations, between which, as a link in the chain of eternal order, we stand." That which now absorbs our attention is *the concern of man for all time*. We stand in the midst of civil war. JUSTICE is *immutable* and *eternal*. May our country stand, the abode of peace; may it stand, the terror of tyrants; may it stand, the refuge of afflicted nations; may it stand, a sacred spot—The HOME of JUSTICE!

"Thus my good genius speaks, and bids advise
 The sons of Athens to be just and wise;
 To mark attentive what a stream of woes
 From civil discord and contention flows;
 What beauteous order shines, where JUSTICE reigns,
 And binds the sons of violence in chains:
 Folly, of thousand forms, before her flies,
 And in the bud the flowering mischief dies.
 She guides the judge's sentence, quells the proud,
 And midst sedition's rage appals the crowd;
 While clamorous Faction and Contention cease,
 And man is blest with Happiness and Peace."

Let it be repeated, my cry is for peace,—notwithstanding men of peace are looked upon in the different sections of the country as a sort of Macedonian or *Philippizing* party, with an Æschines as leader. *I ask not for a hollow peace, like that particular state of a wound which has just skinned over, as if about to heal, but which is nevertheless rankling underneath, and just upon the point of breaking out into fresh mischief.* I ask not for a peace which will bring us the continuous alarms and never-ending strifes of the "balance of power." No; I remember that owing to the dissensions and wars of the Grecian States, Philip, of Macedon, was put at the head of the Amphictyonic League, which gave him a victorious inroad into Southern Greece, and made him the arbiter of her destinies. The peace I labor for would be one of the most exalted mercies accomplished for mankind since the creation of the world. What is it? *A peace on the basis of common sense and of justice to all parties.* Any other attempt to avoid hostilities were simply a *truce*, to be followed, speedily, by the *adjournment* of peace *sine die*, and the creation of a *perpetual council* of war. Thus an intestine fire would be kept alive in the bowels of the nation, which one time or other must consume the country. More, the hope of bringing about a peace by *patching up* an arrangement which should withhold justice from *both* parties, (there might be such an one,) is as sensible, allow me to use a homely figure, as to expect a barrel to hold water with both heads out. To prepare the mind then for a *true* peace, let me say to him who thinks he has *right* on his side, and is therefore deter-

mined to be *unduly exacting*, remember the adage—"summun jus est summa injuria"—right, when pressed to an extreme, becomes the height of injustice.

I now come to the question, "*what is peace on the basis of common sense and of justice to all parties?*" Is it the cruel subjugation of one of the contending parties into an unnatural Union?—*beggar Southerners into submission and keep the South as a lair of wild beasts*. To do this, you must make the country a "PURGATORY" and pass through more than *purgatorial fires*. To avert a calamity so awful, let us pray to Him "who stilleth the raging of the sea; and the noise of his waves, and the madness of the people." What is peace on the basis of common sense and of justice? Is it the recognition of the "*independence* of the Confederate States of America?" Hear the Unionist: "That supreme allegiance is due the General Government is to my mind as legal, as strong, and obligatory, as the laws of the State, and the laws of the nation, could possibly make it; and our Church has made this allegiance a *religious* duty. So, it is perceived, as matters now stand, the honor of my nature, the patriotism of my heart, and the religion of my soul, *forbid* the recognition of Southern independence."

Now, when one party looks on its compulsory adherence to the Union as something more than a *cruel capitulation*, and the other believes its acquiescence in the demand of its antagonist would be an *unrighteous surrender*, what is to be done? Fight out the quarrel? GOD FORBID! I fear that this civil war, if prolonged, will be as violent as steam, as destructive as fire, as uncertain as the wind, and as uncontrollable as the wave. The alternate successes and defeats will be as variable as color, as swift as light, and as empty as shade. The *eventual* quiet of the country will be like that which the Roman legions left in ancient Britain, the *stillness of death*. Already, we breathe the sultry atmosphere of war. And as extreme heat indurates clay, so the heart is hardened by the fires of those passions aroused by heated contests. Already, a wave of blood is moving over the land. Already, the crack of the rifle and the booming of cannon on many battle fields proclaim that Americans are engaged

in deadly struggle with Americans. Already, the playmates of our youth and the friends of our manhood are bayoneting one another in the valleys of yon neighboring State. Already, your brothers and my brothers on yonder plain receive the fatal shot. On the cold ground they are left to languish and to die. There no eye pities them. No sister is there to weep over them. There, no gentle hand is present to ease the dying posture, or bind up the ghastly wounds. Oh! do you not hear the groans and shrieks of agony! And then, O my God! the very air is

“Wet with orphans’ tears,
And shaken by the groans of widowed wives.”

Say, my countrymen, Oh, say, shall these things continue? *The voices of murdered Americans from the grave cry out—* “*Have you not learned wisdom from bitter experience; are we not the victims of your follies and your passions? Cease this infernal strife and bow before your God for mercy and for peace.*

Oh, for a Moses to guide us through the Red Sea of blood! Oh, for a Moses, with rod in hand to smite the rock out of which shall gush the waters of peace! Patriots shall greet him as children receive a long absent father. He shall be titled SAVIOUR OF AMERICA! “A name illustrious and revered by nations, and rich in blessings for our country’s good.” Americans, call a NATIONAL CONVENTION for the settlement of the sectional contest.

Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.





WERT
BOOKBINDING
-Cranville, Pa.
March - April 1989
Wetzel's Bindery

